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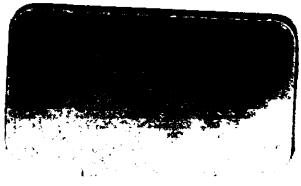

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VERSE

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MORGES — SWITZERLAND
LAVANCHY
1889

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Whatever is good herein — if aught — is inscribed to my sisters — if worthy of them.

EDWIN MORTON.

SONG

In dreams I seemed of good to men,
In church or state, by speech or pen.
I woke, to find my dream of power
The vision of a passing hour.

Then bent my Guardian to mine ear
In wisest Counsel ever clear :
« To others greater deeds belong —
Be thine, to cheer their work with Song. »

With joy I take the humbler part,
And sing my song with cheerful heart.
Unseen, we list the unseen bird.
Somewhere, perhaps, my song is heard:

Is heard — tho' not because I sing,
But only for the good I'd bring.
Unconscious, like the bird so dear,
Yet glad, like him, if I but cheer.

A SEVENTIETH BIRTH DAY

(B. H. M.)

To those who climb these Alps sublime
A calmer, purer sky is given.
And so these bolder heights of Time
But lift us to the calm of Heaven!

From these clear heights we still behold
The clouds which veiled our lives below.
But now *beneath* they softly fold
In noonday light or evening glow!

No more they hide the sun and stars,
No more the tender blue above —
The Eternal Day his Hand unbars
Who guides us while we Heavenward move!

'80

MOTHER-LOVE

The Mother-love is God's love!
By day 'tis there — by night 'tis there.
The mother-love is God's love.
'Tis with me every where!

The mother-love is God's love!
It pardons all, in chastening all.
And like that love from heaven above,
'Tis there whene'er I call.

I see no more the patient smile,
No more the face so dear —
But the mother-love is God's love,
And I know it must be near!

I hear no more the tender voice, —
No more it calls my name —
But the mother-love is God's love,
And is with me all the same!

422958

And the man-heart is the child-heart,
To that love which beareth all;
Still it pardons — still it chastens —
And is there whene'er I call!

And child and man are strengthened,
Mid whate'er defeat or pain,
When I feel once more the blessing
Of the mother-love again!

O Mother's love — O God's love —
Help me the Race to run,
Till smile and voice shall greet me,
And say — at last — « Well done ».

Bend down, O Heavenly Presence!
And make me strong and true, —
Till thro' the dust of battle
I am borne, at last, to you!

MY STAR

As oft a sun-lit cloud at even
  Slow vanishing from mortal eye
Melts slowly in the amber heaven
  To make a part of that sweet sky,

So late a Heaven-lit soul I saw
  Upon life's evening sky more fair,
As gently into Heaven withdraw
  To add unto the glory there!

As where that evening cloud has gone
  A new born star leads out the day,
So now in Heaven a star is born
  And thither lights my darkening way!

And thus while fades my evening light
  There beams a radiance sweeter far —
The deeper grows my earthly night
  The brighter gleams my Heavenly star!

SUNRISE

When comes the Sun with Heaven-born ray
To fill the earth and sky with Day,
I hasten to the hills away
To greet the early morn!

I drink deep draughts of balmy air —
I joy in the world so fresh and fair —
The soul with God the world doth share —
To new Life I am born!

And filled with its heavenly ecstasy
I embrace the sea, the earth, the sky.
O God! with trembling joy I cry,
Is this of Heaven the dawn?

* * * * *

What time with murmuring heart I said,
« Ah! sadly the lonely way I tread,
« Dear Love, fond Hope, Oh! whither fled —
« O unnatural strength of despair, » —

I was gently drawn to a strong embrace, —
Thro' a vision of tears lo! Nature's calm face!
A Friend! — in whose infinite love and grace
I rested from sorrow and care!

And ne'er may I sigh with love unblest:
From the north, the south, the east, the west,
Is Nature's constant love expressed —
Love flows from One who loveth best —
And all my days are fair!

'54

PEACE

« Let us have Peace », our chieftain cries —
And million hearts, a million eyes,
A million tongues the prayer increase
And cry, O Father! give us Peace!

From North to South, from East to West
Let every race with peace be blest,
Till UNION shall the watchword be
Of one great People, strong and free!

Strong in the Right, then strong in might;
Join kindred hands from shore to shore!
To right the wrong, to guard the right,
Our bond of UNION ever more!

Peace, whispers the Pacific Sea!
Peace breathes the Atlantic's solemn psalm!
And Peace the Eternal song shall be
Of Lake and Gulf, of Pine and Palm!

1868.

THE LESSON

Word is brought
From heaven above
That Love is Heaven,
And Heaven is Love!

I.

See that dark and frowning face —
Powers of Darkness in each trace!
This, — in smiles of heavenly light, —
Brightest angels there unite! --
Where the heart expands with love,
Light breaks in from Heaven above!
Once let in the fiend of wrath,
Fiends unnumbered crowd his path!

Hear the lesson,
From above:
Love is heaven,
And heaven is Love!

II.

Mark the scene of household strife!
Love an exile — passion rife.
Spirits dark rush in to reign,
Bringing discord, clamor, pain!
All is heavy — all is dark —
Hearts with hate are cold and stark! —
Once let in the fiend of wrath,
Fiends unnumbered crowd his path!
Once the tongue of hate unsheathe,
Darkness mounts from depths beneath!

Heed the lesson
Heed it well:
Love is Heaven,
And hate is Hell

III.

Now the scene of fireside Peace!
Heavenly joys its joys increase —
Forms celestial hover there —
Heavenly radiance fills the air!
Where the heart expands with love
Light breaks in from Heaven above!
Let the soul with love expand
Light breaks in on every hand!

Bless the lesson
From above :
Love is Heaven,
And Heaven is Love !

IV.

See these neighbouring nations — foes ! —
« Made of one blood » yet bitter woes
Of war on war and strife on strife
Have turned to hate each heart and life !
Vengeance here has had its fill,
Vengeance there must work its will !
« Armed to the teeth », stand face to face
The strength and flower of each great race !
A million hearts with hate are stirred,
Curses, centuries deep, are heard ! —
Mothers come with first born sons —
Sisters, wives, with dearest ones !
Children who their prayers rehearse,
Learn the prayer, — and learn the curse !
Idle millions groan in arms —
Millions groan to feed the swarms !
Two great States are two great Camps !
And all the air 'neath heaven's lamps
Where hate with hate is thus withstood,
Smacks of powder, — smacks of blood !

Rulers who with « God » would rule,
Heed the lesson of His school ! —
Statesmen who would Him revere —
Ye who Him would serve and « fear »,
Heed the Lesson,
Heed it well :
Love is Heaven, —
Hate is Hell !

1888.

RICHES AND POWER

The richest is he who has most hearts —
A Crœsus with none is the poorest of all!
His is true Power where Love imparts
A power more potent than monarch's thrall!

What are lands in fee without hearts in fee!
Or bonds in a bank, without bonds in a heart!
What a Scepter menacing Land and Sea,
And hate in the household, the street, the mart!

He has most Power who has most Love —
A Caesar without it is weak on a Throne!
Service bought, or enforced, is naught —
'Tis the service of Love which is good alone!

Truth is Omnipotence: armed with this,
Alone you may vanquish a world of lies!
But only with Love it omnipotent is —
Never with hate does it speak from the Skies!

The Power of Love — the Riches of Love
Are granted us freely from God above!
These forever, in fee, we hold,
While the power of gold is bought and sold!

Thus Humility rules. 'Tis a power behind power.
For with scepter unseen, of Love, it sways.
The haughty may stride through his noisy hour,
But Humility reigns with the Ancient of Days!

And he has most love, who loves the most.
Who in duty and deed his love doth prove!
Who is sparing of words, but whose acts are a host
To vouch is unfailing truth and love!

1889.

MAGIC

1,

Kindness in look, and kindness in thought
Tell of a heart where power is wrought.
Kindness in word and kindness in deed
Tell of a Power all powers must heed!
The despot is brutal.
And bluster is blindness!
Kindness will conquer —
There's Magic in Kindness!

2.

Kindness is wisdom, and wisdom is power!
Tyranny, arrogance, rule but an hour.
The high and the haughty may have their day,
But Wisdom and Kindness will rule for aye!
For the tyrant is weak,
And bluster is blindness.
Kindness will conquer —
There's magic in kindness!

3,

Rage is the beast, — and Kindness an angel.
Wrathful speech is the tiger's growl!
Vengeance a fiend. — and Love the Evangel
Calling from God to the god-like soul!
For the despot is brutal,
And bluster is blindness!
Kindness will conquer —
There's magic in kindness!

4.

Master and Servant are names of two brothers.
Harshness, arrogance, block their way.
Only by kindness each heart is the others —
All goes like Magic where Kindness has play!
But the despot is brutal.
And bluster is blindness!
Kindness will conquer!
There's magic in Kindness!

5.

Husband and Wife are the names of two friends —
Thus « joined together » for God's own ends!
Tyranny, selfishness, darken their day,
All goes like Magic, if Love but sway!
For the despot is brutal,
And bluster is blindness!
Kindness will conquer!
There's magic in Kindness!

6.

Love and devotion ne'er come by direction —
The bright light of smiles no command will obey.
But love will draw love, and affection affection,
As flowers will unfold 'neath the sun-light of May.
While the despot is brutal,
And bluster is blindness!
Kindness will conquer!
There's magic in Kindness!

7.

Faces may smile — but who knows all the while
What sorrows, what wrongs, may be crushing the heart!
Kind thought, word, or deed, shall that sorrow beguile,
And bind up the tears that are ready to start.
While the despot is brutal,
And bluster is blindness!
Kindness will conquer!
There's magic in Kindness!

8.

Live to give pleasure. Spare giving pain!
Hard words and harsh, you may call back in vain!
God alone knows what each heart has to bear,
Press not the burden that's already there!
Live to give pleasure,
And pain not in blindness!
To make life a treasure
There's magic in Kindness!

9.

Live to give pleasure — kind without measure —
Thought, word, and deed, with kindness fraught.
So shall life here, be found a rich treasure,
So for Hereafter still richer be wrought!
Live to give pleasure —
Pain not in blindness —
To make life a treasure
There's magic in Kindness!

SERVICE

(To --)

The precious precept comes in Jesus' name:
Your chiefest, let him serve! To Serve, I came!
More precious yet he living, dying, gave:
Live not for self, nor pelf, but live to serve and save!

And thou, unselfish — living but to serve, —
Serene o'er all that thee therefrom might swerve —
To us repeats thy noble life so brave:
Live not for self, nor pelf, but live to serve and save!

For with thy Service came the gift divine
To save the suffering! This too was thine.
And countless blessings one sweet echo have:
Live not for self, nor pelf, but live to serve and save!

Use — Service — Sacrifice — God gave to thee!
Thro' tears of pride this coronal we see, —
While thou, thro' toilsome years, but this would crave:
Live not for self, nor pelf, but live to serve and save!

NEW YEAR'S EVE

(*Sylvesterabend.*)

(*Chimes.*)

I.

Now the swift revolving sphere
Swings into a glad new year!
Christmas prophecies its birth
And its peaceful reign on earth!
Ushers in the happy day, —
Showers blessings on its way!

Presents fly from hand to hand,
Blessings flow from heart to heart!
Happy faces fill the land!
Happy voices joy impart!
Man begins a fresher life!
Wears a smile of sunny youth!
Goodness in the air is rife —
Like the sunshine flows the truth. —

Gayer sound the childrens' voices,
Merrier chime the merry bells!
Fuller joy the heart rejoices,
Higher praise to heaven swells! —

Brighter beams the sun now launches,
Bluer skies his rays release,
Brighter gleam the crystal branches
Of the ice-encrusted trees.
While the swift revolving sphere
Swings into a glad new year!

II.

Coming, coming, — going, going, —
So the stream of Time sweeps on, —
With its ceaseless, silent flowing
Bearing us where all are gone!
On its bosom sailing, sailing,
Scarce we note its silent way,
Busied with the cares and labors
Joys and sorrows of each day, —
Till by night we pass the tower —
Landmark of the fleeting year —
Where Time's clock the solemn hour
Knells upon the startled ear!

Now, O friends, the tower we're passing!
List the year-clock's measured peal!
Ah! the thoughts that now are chasing
Thro' each heart, — who shall reveal?
Who divine the lingering sorrow,
Who the pangs of deep regret,
Cruel error, wrongs, injustice,
Coming till the cheek is wet?

Errors not of selfish foes —
Lightest among earthly woes —
Errors of mistaken friends.
Sharpest woe that heaven sends!

Happy, he, who looking backward
Sees the pathway he has trod
Blossoming with deeds of goodness, —
Leading ever up to God!

And if any course may vary
From intention at the start,
Oh! despair not! Do not tarry!
But press on with braver heart. —

For the stream is onward! onward!
And unless we shape our way,
We shall profitless be drifted
To the larger, brighter Day!

III.

While the winged weeks fly o'er us,
Changes are as swiftly wrought!
Where are they, so late before us,
And now with us but in thought!

As the shell, from shore an exile,
On the air no music flings,
Yet to trustful ears will murmur
All the song the ocean sings,—
So, divine Imagination, —
Glad we trust thy wondrous skill —
Touch our eyes! and in their vision
All the Past is with us still!
Faces still of sister, brother,
Smiling flit from room to room, —
Voices still of father, mother,
Touch the deepest chords of home;
Still the vollied shouts of children
Put to rout the ranks of gloom!

Ever Fancy's busy fingers
Weave from out her magic loom
All this scene of absent faces,
All the priceless joys of home!
See! O see that lovely vision!
Is't a child, an angel child,
Strayed away from fields Elysian
To this wintry, wintry wild?
No! our Mabel! 'tis our Mabel, —
There the curls, the laughing eye,
There the coy, enticing beauty, —
Jewel worth the earth and sky!

IV.

Thus the swift revolving sphere
Swings into a glad new year!
Christmas prophecies its birth
And its peaceful reign on earth!
Ushers in the happy day, —
Showers blessings on its way!

Offerings fly from hand to hand,
Blessings flow from heart to heart!
Happy faces fill the land!
Happy voices joy impart!
Man begins a fresher life!
Wears a smile of sunny youth!
Goodness in the air is rife —
Like the sunshine flows the truth!

Gayer sound the childrens' voices,
Merrier chime the merry bells!
Fuller joy the heart rejoices,
Higher praise to heaven swells! —

Happy, he, who looking backward,
Sees the pathway he has trod
Blossoming with deeds of goodness, —
Leading ever up to God!

And if any course may vary
From intention at the start,
Oh! despair not! Do not tarry!
But press on with braver heart; —

For the stream is onward! onward!
And unless we shape our way,
We shall profitless be drifted
To the larger, brighter Day!

1857.

TO GERRIT SMITH (1)

(Birthday lines.)

« *Serus in cœlum redeas* »

Bend, winter skies, more gently bend
To arch this day of hope and joy!
Blow, winter wind, more softly blow
And add thy music's sweet alloy!

Roll, swinging earth, more slowly roll
This happy day's recurring round!
Shine, torch of heaven, more brightly shine
To gild the day from bound to bound!

Hail, sweetly hail, O gentle wife,
The chosen day that dawned to be
The herald of a noble life, —
And noblest then, when worthiest thee!

Shout, gladly shout, O captive race,
And clank to heaven a myriad hands,
To greet the day whose radiant face
Brings promise unto darkening lands! —

O hopeful month, the hint of spring, —
Of life renewed, — of waving fields, —
Uncounted thanks that thou did'st bring
That life which richer promise yields!

If days by deeds were numbered best,
Strong Friend of Man! thou'rt full of years!
But Heaven, in thee so richly blest,
Long spares her son, nor wakes our fears!

1859.

FLOWERS IN WINTER

(To A. C. S.)

I.

The earth is cold and bleak and bare.
The leaves are fallen to graves of snow.
And leafless trees in the chilly air
Give sighs to all the winds that blow.

The brook runs on thro' the whitened mead,
Seeking in vain the grass and flowers,
Murmuring soft on its wandering tread,
A song of the vanished summer hours.

The golden-robin's empty nest
Swings sadly in the shivering tree;
The sparrow and the dear red-breast
Are fled, and sing no more for thee.

The hills on snowy crowns receive
The crimson light of East and West; —
And in their prayers at morn and eve'
Transfigured stand, by heaven blest.

II.

Yet tho' the earth be cold and bare,
And tho' the streamlet's voice is sad,
And tho' no bird-songs thrill the air,
And hill and vale with snow are clad,

But look, dear friend, upon these flowers
Which still for thee will strive to bloom,
And they shall tell of sunnier hours,
And bring their light to winter's gloom.

Their fragrance, language void of art,
Is the pure love they bring to thee!
Oh! take them — take them to thy heart,
And let that love my service be!

III.

Today a People's thanks arise,
And hearts are votive offerings!
A nation's anthem greets the skies
With praises to the King of kings!

Thanks, Father! thanks, for happy years;
For this rich life Thy goodness sends;
For wisest care mid all our fears,
And thanks, o'er all, for love and friends!

And not the less that boundless love
Shall find acknowledgement from me,
That thro' these flowers I may approve
The blessing which they bring to thee!

O gentle Heart! and willing hand!
And soul that burdens both with love,
While loyal hearts around thee stand
And ever their allegiance prove,

I, among those who « stand and wait, »
May only lift my thought to Heaven,
And all my prayers with wishes freight
That God's best gifts to thee be given!

Thanksgiving Day,
1855.

THE GERMAN PRISONER. (3)

I

As thro' a mother's tears a mother's eyes
Gaze fondly on the child she fears to lose,
So angels. from their seats in paradise
With anxious faces bend o'er human woes.

* * * * *

The strife for life is o'er, — where thro' the night
The Court House gleams, or now is lost in gloom,
As thro' the driving clouds the half-moon's light
Shines fitfully, and hints uncertain doom!

Calm Justice there now silent vigil keeps,
Nor heat nor hate nor wrong her cheek can pale.
No passionate voice now tempts her marble lips,
Nor vibrant air disturbs her even scale.

Her chosen twelve, where glances yonder light,
Are met to break the seals of Life and Death!
While Discord elsewhere still breaks up the night,
And vengeful wagers rise on drunken breath.

Into the grated cell the moonlight flies,
As fain to visit, where none else will come.
Is it God's blessing breathed from out the skies, —
Or angel guardian, sent from heavenly home?

It lights the gloom as with an angel's smile —
Trances the air as with a kiss of Peace. —
« My heart is breaking, wronged, and free from guile, —
« Say, heavenly herald, bring'st thou not release?

Thus the lone prisoner, suppliant, feebly cries,
And breaks his solitude with trembling prayer.
The silence startled with his mournful sighs,
Re-echoes accents yet ne'er uttered there. —

A heart nigh breaking, long oppressed with grief,
Falls on a Father's heart — the heart of God!
Its seals are loosed, and there it finds relief —
As fountains break spontaneous from the sod.

« O God! no home, — no friends, —'neath alien skies, —
« A prisoner here, —and thoughts imprisoned in me, —
« Be Thou my Country, —Home, —and Guardian wise. —
« Thus doubly dungeoned, let me fly to Thee!

« Since truth alone 'gainst vengeance powerless falls,
« And fearful snares of chance my feet restrain,
« Oh! would some heavenly power might shake these walls,
« Some angel-messenger might loose my chain ! »

As one who striving long 'twixt hopes and fears,
At last o'erworn, sinks helplessly away,
So Willie yields to long resisted tears,
And falls upon his couch to wait the day.

Fair Slumber pillows him upon her breast,
And wafts him to the mystic realm of dreams !
Thro' Memory's halls she takes her silent quest,
Till now in home, and Father-land he seems !

II

« O Heaven ! what vision greets my eye !
« Is this my native shore ?
« The angry strife I left behind —
« Was that the ocean's roar ?
« Is this the Rhine-stream flowing down ?
« And home do I regain ? —
« And see ! are those the glittering spires
« Of Frankfort on the Mayne ? »

« Dear Frankfort, where my wondering eyes
« First opened to the light,
« And boyhood's fleeting holiday
« Passed like a vision bright —
« From all my weary wandering,
« And years of toil, and pain,
« My heart more fondly turns to thee,
« O Frankfort on the Mayne! »

« Thy towers against the evening sky
« In ruddy splendor rise,
But in my heart they pencilled are
With more than sunset dyes!
« And as the varying needle strives
« Its wonted point to gain,
« So turns my heart, where'er I roam,
« To Frankfort on the Mayne! »

« Yonder where St. Bartholomew
« Lifts up its crucic hands,
« And o'er the busy swarm of life
« In benediction stands,
« My father's humble cottage lay, —
« And tho' so poor and plain,
« 'Twas far the dearest spot to me
« In Frankfort on the Mayne! »

« And where St. Katherine's ample dome
« Reflects the rosy sky,
« And points to a celestial home
« With wondrous majesty —
« There Mary's gentle lot was cast, —
« The hope of many a swain, —
« And dearer far than all, to me,
« In Frankfort on the Mayne ! »

Together 'neath its chimes we sat,
As evening wore away,
« Until its hymenéal bells
« Rung in our marriage day !
« O happy chimes ! O magic bells ! —
« My tears fall like the rain,
« When I recall those evening hours
« In Frankfort on the Mayne ! »

« Beneath its golden crucifix
« We plighted life for life,
« And at its marble altar I
« Received my wedded wife !
« And then the old cathedral shook
« With the organ's swelling strain, —
« And far the happiest man was I,
« In Frankfort on the Mayne ! »

« O blessed be this river —
« And those sacred turrets high —
« And every star that o'er them bends
« In favoring prophecy !
« By all my dearest memories,
« And love that ne'er shall wane,
« I ne'er will quit thy blessed gates,
« O Frankfort on the Mayne ! »

III

Hark, that ringing !
Upward springing,
Willie lists with quickening breath !
Ah ! that calling —
Heart appalling !
Is it life, — or is it death ?

« Beauteous vision —
« Dream Elysean —
« Art thou thus forever fled ?
« Minster towers —
« Native bowers —
« Are ye but enchantment sped ?

« No ! this bolting —
« Harsh, revolting ! —
« This, is but a dream of night ;
« This long waiting
« Within grating —
« Off ! — away ! — and quit my sight ! » —

Hark ! that tolling, —
Echoing, — rolling,
Far into the midnight sky !
Solemn calling —
Dread, — appalling !
Summons it to live, — or die ?

IV

Now cheerily glances the gladdening light,
And blithe are the voices of morning !
And many a heart with expectancy bright
Is blessing the day that is dawning !
But gladlier rises the morning sun,
And sweeter the voices of Day,
And brighter the promise of hope to one
Who has wasted in prison away ! —

For Willie is free !
And Mary and he
Are langhing, and weeping, in joy and glee !

Like gay-feathered birds in the fleecy sky
Their frolicsome flight awinging,
The sleighs o'er the glistening snow flash by,
With their musical bells aringing. —
But merrier far there is one whom I know,
For all that these hours restore him,
And whiter than even the glistening snow,
Is the page of his life before him! —

For Willie is free!
And Mary and he
Are langhing and weeping, in joy and glee!

With a white-sailed regatta the heavens are flecked,
Putting forth from the harbor of Dawning,
For the silver-sparred bark of the Pleiades, wrecked
In the orient waves of morning. —
But a richer and costlier argosy bright
Puts forth on its quest today,
For visions and hopes which in misery's night,
Have wandered in darkness away! —

For Willie is free!
And Mary and he
Are langhing and weeping, in joy and glee!

Oh! bright are the tears which are streaming today,
For they are not tears of sorrow;
For joy, when his deepest debt he will pay,
From the fountain of Tears must borrow!
And the radiant gems that sparkle so bright,
With a richer than diamond splendor,
Shall encircle the brow with a crown of light,
Of him who arose in his strength and might,
And became to the weak a defender. —

For Willie is free!
And Mary and he
Are laughing and weeping in joy and glee!

1856.

THE KEY

You think she is strange — but you have'nt the key;
There are secrets of Nature beyond your poor art!
Because you are stupid, — because you don't see,
Will you throw to the winds a priceless heart?

The first word and last word of Love, is Trust.
To true hearts the very last word is fear!
'Tis with Courage and Trust and Love you must
Find the key to a mystery evermore dear!

For the womanly heart hath deep beneath deep, —
As the womanly soul has sky above sky.
But with plummet of Love you may soundings keep,
And on wings of Trust you may mount thus high!

'89.

GEBURTSTAG

To E. R.

(Jurist — Artist — Soldier.)

Near where the Aar brings down his Alpine tide
To wed the Rhine and seek the ocean wide,
There nature cradled erst a much-loved child,
And his bright youth with brightest dreams beguiled.

First to his cradle clear-eyed Justice came,
And in his features read her own fair name.
These lips, she said, my judgment shall declare —
These stainless hands my stainless scepter bear!

Next heaven-born Art, with face of heavenly light
Bends o'er his slumbers in a vision bright,
In beauteous dreams he walks in Beauty's train,
And Beauty's world he takes for his domain; —

Till Liberty, with nobler mien severe
Claims him her child, and cries with accents clear :
To thee my sword — my mandate this, to thee,
« Guard well the Land *I've chosen for the free!* » (5)

And thus these Three, none more divinely fair,
Made their young hero all their jealous care.
And round his deepening brow, to manhood grown,
Each bent her wreath and claimed him for her own; —

Till wiser Nature now with accents mild
Rebuked their strife, and thus reclaimed her child :
Nor Art, nor War, nor Law, completes my plan —
Behold my noblest Work — *A Noble Man !*

THE LAST ROSE

The rose awaits your coming,
And late it blooms for you,
The bee around it humming
Ne'er dares to taste its dew,
But sighing sings : This precious wine
Blushes for other lips than mine.

Unto its fragrant bower
The parting sunlight steals,
And in that tranquil hour
Its tender love reveals.
« O loving light of day's decline
I bloom for other eyes than thine ! »

Thither with soft caressing
The shadowy moonlight flies,
Thither with purest blessing
The trembling starlight hies.
« O purest rays in heaven that shine
I bloom for other eyes than thine ! »

O lips of purest sweetness,
And eyes of purest light, —
O soul whose rare completeness
Is radiance in my sight, —
This flower which shrinks from light divine
Is yet scarce worthy eyes of thine !

Yet on thy heart but wear it —
'Twill gather fragrance there —
And with thy face compare it
Till it learn to bloom more fair !
To me no fairest angel shrine
Could fairer, worthier be than thine.

'57.

PORTRAITS

(M. B. M.)

1.

A cherub sweet, with tranquil eyes,
Viewing the world with mild surprise,
Turning ever toward the Light,
Of household fire, or sunshine bright. —

2.

A Girlhood fresh as May or June.
A voice with Spring-time birds in tune.
A smile where Light from unseen skies
With heavenly radiance fills her eyes. —

3.

A Maidenhood where all things seem
The current of some mystic dream:
A stream which left some heaven behind
And still winds on some heaven to find. —

4.

In Womanhood serene and fair
See childhood, girlhood, maiden rare!
A beauteous Life, — o'erarched with Hope
Beyond all mortal ken the scope!

Still turning ever toward the Light —
Still 'neath that Light of unseen Skies
Which guides her trusting steps aright
To fairer Realms of sweet surprise !

ICHABOD MORTON

(Funeral Hymn.)

He dreamed that Heaven should come to earth *
And ceaseless toiled the day to view.
O'er-borne he sank before its birth —.
And lo ! to him the dream is true !
O weary heart ! O weary hand !
No more the anxious strife renew —
A Power above the vision, planned,
And Heaven indeed has come to you !

Sweet May returns — with leaf and flower
The garden of his love expands !
Rewarding autumn brings her dower
But gives the fruit to other hands !
So blest is he, and ever blest,
Who patient sows where others reap,
And ever-ripening fields shall best
His ever-growing memory keep !

(*) " We can have Heaven here, if we but live rightly. „

I. M.

SONG OF THE ROSE

(To an invalid.)

1.

I watch, with thee, the silent summer night,
With thee I follow every friendly star,
And waning moon late risen to our sole sight,
Till, from their patient quest,
All, all, are sunk to rest,
Deep in the slumbrous west,
And lady, thou and I still sleepless are.

2.

O weary heart, deem not thy watch unblest
Though thou alone dost mark the lagging hours,
While many voic-éd Day is hushed to rest,
And stillness even sleeps
Weary the watch it keeps,
Tranced in midsummer deeps,
And wandering zephyrs pause on beds of flowers.

3.

E'en while with night you cool a throbbing brow
And to that distant heaven so fondly gaze,
God's blessing hand is on his child e'en now!
And all that pathway white
In yonder azure height
Is but, I ween, the flight
Of angels, bringing peace for all thy days.

4.

The perfume which I bear is but the kiss
They breathed upon me in their bending flight.
A token sweet they left for you, it is!
And see, — this crystal dew,
The tears they wept for you,
Which, falling as they flew,
I garner in my bosom all the night.

5.

The morning breaks, — and nature is at prayer.
And with the earliest light, and hush of dawn,
Soothed with the song of birds, and freshening air,
With suffering long oppressed
At last thou findest rest,
By gentle sleep caressed, —
Sleep standing by, each ruder breath to warn!

6.

Oh! sleep, fair lady, sleep! Oh! sleep nor dream.
All peacefully, as sinks the summer day,
All tranquilly, as glides yon rippling stream.
Sleep, sleep, Oh! sleep and rest. —
Sleep, sleep, O weary breast —
Sleep, sleep, O dearest, best. —
Too happy, I, to guard thy rest alway!

1857.

GOLDEN WEDDING

(L. S. — S. M. S.)

(*Song.*)

O Love! the sun is shining in the east,
Nor tires to shine, while ages have increased.
So shines our love, and fills my tranquil breast.

O Love! on yonder shore the ocean sings,
As when it bore the Mayflower's drooping wings.
So in my heart our early love-song rings.

O Love! with Spring the wild flower still appears,
Fresh as the Pilgrims saw it thro' their tears.
So blooms our love, thro' all the changing years!

O Love! the moon and stars descend the west
To make in fresher skies their happier quest.
So, love, once more we'll wed, among the blest!

1860

ONE FRIEND

One true friend — one friend really true, —
This is enough, believe me, for you.
One dear friend, — one friend truly dear, —
Here is enough thy heart to cheer!

In a whole life-time find but this one,
Heaven for you on earth is begun!
When among thousands this one you find,
God is there manifest — His is that mind,

Blow, storms of Evil! — this one is true!
Here a sheet-anchor holds fast for you.
Heart-weary, soul-weary, stemming the flood,
Rest in this Heart of the Infinite God!

THE ARCHER

With all my strength I bent my bow,
And aimed the shaft with anxious eye.
A sudden breath from Heaven, and lo!
The arrow from its course did fly.

With pain I sought — with joy I found
The brighter mark to which it flew!
A Hand unseen the trial crowned,
And aimed it better than I knew.

« THE BUSY BEE »

(E. S. M.)

(*Paterfamilias loquitur.*)

This day 'tis thirty years ago —
Yes, dearie, thirty five! —
(My! how time flies! 'Tis much to do
To count the years we live!)

Why Lizzie, yes! 'twill be, — dear me! —
Septembers thirty five,
Since you, a « little busy bee, »
Came buzzing to our hive!

And when I heard the breezy hum,
I kissed the good Queen Bee!
We scarcely guessed what prize had come,
Yet smiled and wept with glee!

E'en then I saw your wings unfold
And waft you here and there
To gather sweets, or dust of gold,
From gardens rich and fair.

Was it a father's tender love
That you so lovely seemed?
Or was't that on thee from above
Some angel's smile had gleamed!

For sure the rose fresh color earned
Anear that tender cheek,
And like a torch in midday, burned
The lily on thy neck?

Your voice has filled the hive with cheer
Oh! many a long, long day, —
'Twas music, dearie, to my ear,
'Twas sunshine on the way!

Yes, filled the hive with joy and cheer.
The sweetest, dearest lay
That ever sent a careworn year
With music on its way!

To count the honey you have stored
And gathered in the hive,
And fields of labor you've explored
For years full thirty five,

'Twere all in vain : no precious hoard
Can vie with that of Lizzie.
For industry, find some new word.
The bee's not half so « busy. »

The bee forsooth, the winter near,
Sleeps in his waxen dome.
While Lizzie dear, from year to year,
Illumes a happy home.

And when I see thy watchful care
Of one both mine and thine;
A matchless love which seems to share
Of human and divine;

Oh God ! I cry, if love there shines
More pure than all, all other —
'Tis that which binds, and ever binds
The daughter dear, and mother! —

Yes, many a year has come and gone —
Septembers thirty five, —
Since your sweet life began to dawn,
Dear Lizzie, in our hive.

And tho' we cannot count the stores
Our « busy bee » has earned,
Be sure there's One has kept the scores, —
They'll be ten times returned!

1857.

METEORS

When Sylvia raised to heaven her eyes
Where sliding stars so softly trailed,
Methought new splendor touched the skies
And other fires as sudden paled.

And when from her I looked above, —
Or when we both the meteors sought,
My blinded eyes wtih darkness strove,
Or lights were drowned in light she brought.

Ah ! heed not stars which blaze and burst
While loving planets constant burn,
Nor while for thee one flame is nursed
May'st thou to fitful splendors turn.

TO LULIE

I saw a rosebud on its bush
Unconscious of its opening flush,
Yet reigning in its perfumed bower
The pet of wind and sun and shower.

Again a blowing rose I saw
Whose beauty every eye did draw,
Yet shunned, or half allowed the gaze
Of hommage or of honest praise.

You guess my moral Lulie.
The opening bud was thine —
But tell, oh tell me truly,
Shall not the rose be mine?

MABEL

(To father and mother in Italy.)

Mamma, the rivulet hurries past our door,
With ever hastening footsteps to the shore,—
Through lake and river speeding to the sea,
To bear the sounds from home e'en there to thee!

Today, mamma, they say that winter's gone,
And all the promise of the summer born!
Ah! mother dear, its richest boon will be
That it shall bring your own dear self to me!

Dear Grandpa says the willows by their streams
Glow all with summer in their winter-dreams.
And ever warm at heart, 'neath lingering snow,
Springs the brave snow-bell, hastening first to blow!

The blue-bird too brings greeting fresh today,
And even one bold robin tilts the spray!
And this home-love which draws them to our Land,—
Does it not also in your breast expand?

Come soon then, mother, to the dear old nest,
Where I so long have slept upon your breast.
Its maples green and simple vines, and flowers,
Are dearer, sure, than all Italian bowers!

And there, you know, six years ago today,
A stranger came, from some far clime astray,—
And from your boundless love so dear has grown,
That every year she's more and more your own!

And, dear mamma, somehow this time it seems,
In wakeful hours, or in my deepest dreams,
That over widening lands, and seas and storms,
My childish heart to you and father warms!

March 4th 1862.

CLASS '55

(Sophomore song.)

1.

Ah! cheerily, joyfully, bounds every heart
In the jovial festival throng,
When around the bright board loving classmates are met, (2)
And each voice mingles glad in the song!
Each heart seeks to seal the warm vows of each heart,
Every eye flashes greeting sincere!
While the notes of the song as its tide rolls along
Fill the bosom with liveliest cheer!

* * * * * * * * * * * *

3.

Alma Mater, two winters have peacefully decked
Thy head with a crown white and hoar,
Two summers with beauty have arched their green shade
O'er thy paths, since we first songht thy lore.
And soon, ay! too soon, will the bright days of June
Twine our wreath round the old parting tree,
And the evening breeze to the whispering trees
Reecho the parting glee!

4.

As the moon gilds her track from the clouds that would dim
And ascends all so queenly the skies,
May each victory won in our path ever on
Give us strength ever higher to rise!
As the parting sun greeting new climes with his light
Leaves the tenderest light behind,
So, Harvard, when life calls us far from thy scenes
May we leave with thee memories kind!

5.

Now with hand clasping hand, form one unbroken band!
Seal the bonds of our friendship around!
And above the bright chain swell aloft the glad strain,
Till each link is with harmony bound!
Now a health to Fair Harvard! Fill high! boys, fill high!
For what name to our hearts is more dear!
And a double health now to the « Class fifty five »!
And may God bless its onward career!

1853.

« THANKSGIVING » (4)

(*Postprandium.*)

Under the « Old Hen » * scramble once more,
Now while the winter winds whistle and roar!
Hear her quick « Cluck! cluck! » calling you home!
Run! every chick of ye-! « Come », she cries, « Come! »
« Don't go so far, for the dinners you're scratching!
Don't stay so long, while I'm waiting and watching!
Are there no pickings a thought nearer home
That afar and astray you must wander and roam?
In the darkest long night, thro' the longest bright day
I've spread my wings o'er you, at work or at play.
Running in, running out, with laugh, tears, or shout,
You've nestled beneath me — I've closed you about.
Thro' days, weeks, and years, since you first pecked the [shell,
I've gathered you under me, loved you full well!
In health or in sickness, in life — ay! in death,
I've sheltered ye all, since the first tender breath!
And for all these long years that I've watched so above [ye,

* « The Homestead. »

Is it strange, truant chicks, that so fondly I love ye?
So come back to the « Old Hen », wanderers, come!
And learn the old adage, There's no place like home!

But bless me! what's this! not a bird of my feather,
Coming bound to my boy by some mystical tether!
No nestling of *my* flock has such gentle mien, —
No sweetness and grace like to this have I seen!
Ah! my truant has strayed to the land of the fays,
And there, with their beauty and grace all amaze,
Has brought back, in a dream, to my plain homely brood
The gentlest and best of the true and the good!
Ah! sonny! this comes of not asking your mother
Before going out, like your dutiful brother!

* * * * * * * * * * * *

You would always be going to those dreadful wars!
And now, (always daring), you've climbed to the stars—
And seeking the fairest and brightest and best,
You've brought it (just like you) right home to my nest!
Well, there's one thing, — my chicks know what's good
[when they see it, —
Sure sign that when evil comes near, they will flee it!

And this fairer child I will count in with mine;
Till they catch from her presence, a charm so divine!
Welcome and cherish, and make her mine own,

Till my boy's spell is sundered, and homeward she's [flown!
Or, if Love and Devotion may aid the soft charm,
He shall keep her forever, and safe from all harm!

So come back to the « Old Hen », wanderers, come!
And learn the old adage, There's no place like home!
Nestle beneath me, dear children, once more,
And let the world's winter blast whistle and roar.
Gather together close under my wing!
And rest from all care, in the love that I bring! »

Homestead, 1871.

THE SECRET

1.

Guard no ill feeling toward any —
    Keep only love for all.
And the joyous hours shall be many,
    And Heaven within thy call!

2.

The sunlight is brighter the day
    When you've thrown to the winds your hate.
    For the soul with love is elate!
Still fairer the day, — thy work but play.
And at every turn of the gladsome way
    Glad angels upon thee wait!

THE TIE

A silken lasso round my neck
    My cousin throws, and so I'm caught.
Nor may I ever wish to break
    The bonds her loving hands have wrought.

Oh! than the finest silk more fine,
    Yet stronger than the bolts of Jove,
The subtile mesh they easy twine
    Which knits me to the hearts I love.

The bond nor gods nor men can part,
    Nor Time, nor change, nor mortal strife,
Is wrought from out a noble heart,
    And strengthened by a noble life!

NIGHTFALL

1.

The world rolls away from the Light
And God draws the curtain of Day.
In the darkness and silence and calm of night,
I think of my daily way.
Before Thee O God! as Thy world speeds on,—
Thou guiding by day, protecting till dawn,—
I turn my heart to the day now gone,
And think of my daily way.

2.

Have I heeded Thy laws this day —
For Thou and Thy laws are one.
Have I made Thy laws my laws this day —
With Thee has all been done?
For in these Thou art near, ever near, O Lord, —
Immutable — Infinite — One!
In obeying Thy laws Thou art best adored!
In obeying Thy laws, Thou dost help afford!
With this worship, this love, has my heart been stored,—
With Thee has all been done?

3.

Have I faithfully toiled this day —
Have I earned this day my bread —
Have I kept Thy just and primal Law
That each shall earn his bread.
Have I shunned the degrading and shameful sin
On another's toil to be fed.
Oh ! let me not idle, the earth despoil,
While another for me must doubly toil, —
Another must doubly cleave the soil
To spread my board and bed !

4.

Have I been just this day —
Have I heeded the rights of others.
In this duty of striving for self and mine
Have I kept the immutable law divine,
To be just to my striving brothers !
Ah ! meanest of all, if while toiling for self
I degrade this duty to greed for pelf —
If I make it a scramble for power and pelf
To the wrong of my toiling brothers !

5.

Was I thoughtful of father and mother —
Was I loving with wife and child —
Was I helpful to sister and brother —
Have I served this sacred guild.
Ah ! help me, O God, more faithful to be,
In Duty and Love, until I may see
In the love of these hearts the best blessing from Thee!—
Till I win the true love of this guild !

6.

Was I just to the toiling poor —
Have I heeded their rights, and dues, —
The friend who sweeps my floor —
The brother who cleans my shoes.
The widow who washes; and they who prepare
My food and my bed with constant care.
Ah! smite me, O God! if I prove unfair
To the toiling, humble poor!

7.

Have I heeded the feelings of others, —
In wish, thought, creed, or plan;
In the rights which first of all others
Are the sacredest rights of man!
God forbid I should be, of all tyrants the worst,
That despot of thought, — whose opinion comes first,
Who rides rough-shod, in conceit accurst,
O'er the thoughts and the feelings of others!

8.

Have I done a kind act this day —
Have I cheered with love some heart; —
For in all our varied earthly way,
'Tis the act of love which day by day
Will the highest life impart!
In the battle of life comes the zest to succeed, —
In work and achievement is highest meed, —
But life is yet sweetest when word and deed
Have gladdened with love some heart!

9.

Thus while God draws the curtain of day,
And the world rolls away from the sun,
As I think of my earthly way
And review the day that is done,
Let me feel in my heart that sweetest joy,
Let me taste that pleasure without alloy,
That some kind act did my time employ, —
As I think of the day that is done.

(1) A life-long friend of the slave, — a sincere and unselfish lover of his country. — A heart always in sympathy with his fellow men, – their rights, and wrongs, — and a noble nature, where a great heart and a great head were constant rivals. — The idol of a family and social circle, because a husband, a father, a friend, beyond all praise. — A courteous gentleman, of whom king or courtier might learn dignity and courtesy; and of whom a distinguished lady once said, « God made Gerrit Smith, and then broke the mould! »

Since these « lines », Heaven has recalled him, – already long ago: and now, so far from his grave among the hills we both loved, — and here in a land whose earliest and most sacred traditions as well as later life and history are all bound up with Freedom and equal rights, — I am permitted to add this fresher and brighter leaf to my poor and fading laurel of 1859. That will fade, and perish; and this also. But the life of a good man is imperishable. It will « blossom in the dust ».

E. M.

Morges, Switzerland, '89.

(3) (From *The Monthly Religious Magazine,* of April 1857.)

« Some of the readers of these pages may remember having seen the fact, out of which these verses grew, mentioned in the public papers. An interesting young German, a stranger in this country, was lately thrown into prison, in a county in the State of New-York, on a charge of having murdered a farmer who was found dead in his barn. Circumstances which, from his ignorance of our language and other causes, he was unable to explain, combined to fasten about him a singular and perilous net-work of suspicion. Indeed, there seemed no chance for his life; — when he was found one day in his cell by the distinguished philanthropist and able counseller, Gerrit Smith. This quick-sighted gentleman was soon convinced of his innocence and undertook his defence. After the most indefatigable pains, in spite of the most complicated difficulties, having travelled the whole country-side in his own carriage to gather testimony, and having labored literally day and night in gratuitous exertions for the unfortunate fellow's cause, he at last happily, and providentially as he himself believes, struck upon a train of evidence which, after two sharply contested trials, in the hands of this skilful advocate, obtained a clear acquittal. The excitement of the protracted case, heightened by the sorrowful situation of the tender young wife of the accused, wrought upon the sympathies of the neighborhood to a degree reminding one of the trial of Effie Deans. The whole history of the transaction would discover incidents fraught with a romantic and thrilling attraction. The same beneficence that toiled so unweariedly for the poor foreigner's acquittal, afterwards provided for him the means of a livelihood. The author of the poem was personally conversant with the events as they occurred. »

ED. [BISHOP HUNTINGTON.]